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(1879)

KATHERINE.

An Opera in Three Acts.

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WILSON J. VANCE,
Author.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA,
Composer.

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Katherine; an Opera in Three Acts.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KATE WYVERN—A school girl.

FREDERICK G. WYVERN—Kate's father; a New York merchant retired from business, and retiring in disposition—in point of fact a modest man.

LUCIUS QUINTUS CURTIUS JONES—A young man from Ohio who toils with his brain.

MRS. MARY J. BROWN—Better known to this history as MADAME CLOTHILDE LE BRUN; apparently a soft, gushing young widow, with no friend in all the wide world; no manly arm to lean upon; no heart to throb responsive to her own and all that, but—

JOHN B. BROWN—An eminent citizen; better known to this history as JACQUES PIERRE, a French Canadian, proprietor of a dancing bear of some ability; YUNG-TI WUNG-TO, a three-button Mandarin, sent from China to represent his Imperial Highness the Brother of the Sun, etc., at Washington, and SIGNOR STRONGI-LUNGI, an Italian singer, whose arrival in New York creates a decided sensation and all that, but—

LOTTIE LAMPREY—A poor young person dependent upon her uncle Wyvern, endowed with shrewd mother wit.

JOHN H. SMITH—A young gentleman, with no remarkable characteristics.

BILL—A very improper man, indeed.

AN AUGUST MASTER OF CEREMONIES—An imposing person.

Tourists, Farmers, Diplomatic Persons from China, Servants, Etc.

Time, the present. Costumes, modern.

SCENE:—First Act, - - - The White Mountains.
Second Act, - - - The Sea Shore.
Third Act, - - - New York.

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FIRST ACT.

SCENE.—*Lawn in front of hotel in White Mountains. Wild mountain scenery. Tourists appear; all sing:*

CHO.—From the East, the beauteous sun,
Comes forth, his glorious race to run!
See how he gilds the pine's tall tops,
And glorifies the giant rocks;
And wakes to life the brook's cool shades
And diamonds' lights in dew-hung glades!
We sing the song of the bright sun,
His race of glory just begun!
Behold! Behold!
The day-dawn glorious,

We sing, we sing,
In loftiest chorus!
See round the peaks, the mist-wreaths curl'd,
Like signal flags unfurled!
We sing in songs of praise!
Inspired by thy bright rays!

[Enter JACQUES PIERRE, with dancing bear. The crowd separates—ladies showing signs of alarm, etc.]

JAC. [taking off his hat and bowing awkwardly].—*Bon jour, mesdames, mesdemoiselles et messieurs!* I mak' my bow! I 'ave ze 'ope you are well! I 'ave ze 'onair to antroduce ze gr-r-r-eat, ze waunderful dance bear, "Jules Capot!" Jules will also mak' ze bow! [The bear bows.] Be'old! Ah! ze brav' bear! ze gallant bear! He ees—wat—you—call—ze parfect gentilhomme! He vill bow low, ver' low, to ze ladies! Regardez! [The bear bows very low and rolls over with a grunt.] You do see, you? Ah! zat Jules Capot! He lofe ze ladies! Oui! he haf ze angstanct! He can bow, he can dance, he can climb ze pole, he can do everyt'ing, but, *helas!* he cannot sing! *Mais n'importe!* I can sing! May I 'ave ze 'onair to sing ze song and dance ze dance wiz Jules? Wiz your parmission! [Sings and dances uncouthly with the bear.]

SONG.

He lofe you! He lofe you!
He lofe ze ladies all!
He lofe zem! He lofe zem!
He lofe zem, great and small!
See! Oui!
Ze brav' bear!
He danze and haf no care!

CHO. FEMALE.—A pretty show! Ha! ha!
CHO. MALE.— A pretty show! Ha! ha!

JAC.—He can also shak' ze hand. See! [Shakes hands with bear.] Ah! he is ze gentilhomme! Shall he shak' ze hand wiz you?—and you?—and you? [Passing from one to another, some shaking hands and some refusing, including WYVERN, who, cane in hand, leans against a rock, smoking a cigar. When CLOTHILDE is reached, she tosses her head and contemptuously turns away. Jacques leads the bear after her.] You will not shak' ze hand? He will not a-hurt you! He lofe ze ladies! He haf offended you? I will a-keel him! [Beats the bear with his hands; the bear whines.] Ah! ze bad bear! But see, he weeps! he weeps ze great tear! [Bear puts his paws appealingly on Jacques' shoulders.] He is ver' grief! he begs ze pardong! Ah! ze *pauvre* bear! He will a-kees ze Jacques and mak' up! He will a-kees ze lady wiz ze sunlight in ze hair! [Bear approaches Clo., who turns quickly away—bear following. Clo. shrieks, and aiming to fall in W.'s arms, faints, and is caught by LUCIUS, who enters from centre.]

W. [snatching her from Lu.].—Unhand that lady, you impertinent young monkey! [Turning to Jac.] See what you've done, you infernal ruffian! How dare you persecute the lady with your dirty bear!

LU.—What's the matter with the old gobbler?

W.—Gobbler! [Very much enraged.] Gobbler! I'll teach you, sir, to—

CLO. [reviving, speaking faintly].—Oh! my preserver! My heroic defender! How can I thank you for rescuing me from that horrid monster?

W. [magniloquently].—Don't mention it, I beg of you, madam! It was nothing! I would dare any danger for a lovely woman! As for this beast with a bear, I'll—

LU.—You'd better let that contract out, old fellow!

CLO.—Oh! my dear, good, brave sir! do not, I beg of you, again peril your life for me? Restrain your impetuosity and allow this horrid fellow to get away with his life—

JAC.—Oui! Eef you please, sir, do not a-keel me! [Spoken mockingly.]

CLO.—Oh! think of your wife, sir

W.—But I have no wife.

CLO.—Then you *love*—think of her—

SMITH.—Certainly, if he has no wife, he *must* love. Otherwise—

JAC.—Oui! zat is so! [Mockingly.] But you will not a-keel me? Oh! saire!

LU. [tapping W. familiarly on the shoulder; has tablets and pencil]. Excuse me, sir, but "business is business." I'm a journalist, you know, and this thing's worth a paragraph! Nearly a catastrophe, you know. Trouble you for your name, sir!

W.—Get out, you impudent—

LU.—And the lady's name is?

W.—Really, this is too much! If you don't go away, I'll thrash you, even in the presence of the ladies. [Bowing apologetically to them.]

LU. [coolly].—Don't—don't—I wouldn't! [Turns to Jacques.] And your name is?

JAC.—Jacques Pierre, and ze bear is Jules Capot. He haf not eat a lady for more zan a week, and he ees hungry!

S.—Poor fellow! he must be nearly starved. Doubtless has as strong a thirst for blood as my respected friend in the the brown wig.

[The crowd go off slowly, in twos and threes, by the various exits. W. comforts Clo., Lu. industriously makes notes as he walks off, Smith talks with Lottie, while Jacques and the bear dance—Jacques singing till all are off. Enter KATE, walking slowly down the mountain, singing:]

WAITING FOR A LOVER.

K.— Ah, that a maid should be forlorn,
Waiting for a lover!
Though her charms be fresh as morn,
And no he discover!
There's a mine of hidden wealth,
That my heart embraces;
And I'm sure it's not by stealth
That I show my graces!

Ah! the world is weary grown,
Waiting for a lover!
Sure his heart is heart of stone,
If he don't discover!

It's all in vain I've lived so long,
In this world of sighing!
I've ne'er a sweetheart in the throng—
With my grief I'm dying!

[While she is singing the last few words, W. and Clo. come on, back; Clo. sits and W. goes on his knees to her, gesticulating passionately. K. looks off left.]

K.—I wonder who that handsome fellow is over there, writing in a book? I wish he'd look at *me!* May-be he would—for, you know, [earnestly] love is born in a moment. *I* believe that all *true* love comes at first sight. May-be he's a poet—he looks like it—and I dote on poets; or, may-be he's a reporter—and I just *adore* reporters. Ahem! Ahem! [As she moves about to attract the attention of Lu., she perceives Clo. and W., who have not observed her.]

K.—Why, paw!

W. [scrambling hastily to his feet, as does Clo., both looking very much confused and embarrassed].—Oh! Ah! Hum! Why, you see—

K.—Why, paw, who's your friend?

W.—Why, you see! Never mind, Katie dear! Run along and play! You can't understand—

K.—No, I don't believe I can—

W.—Why, you see, Katie, I rescued this young lady—

Clo.—Yes, indeed! Your noble father—but tell me, is it true that this young gentleman [W. pulls up his collar, etc.] is really your father?

K.—Yes, indeedy!

Clo.—Oh! most fortunate daughter, to have so brave and noble a papa!

K.—You mean me?

Clo.—Yes. Oh—

K.—What's he been doing now? Where [with some asperity] did you meet my paw? Who introduced you?

W.—You see daughter I—

Clo. [looking fondly at W].—Oh! My hero, my prince, my—

K.—Who's a hero?

Clo.—Your father, blessed girl.

K.—My paw? [impatiently] Tell me what you mean.

[By this time the chorus and all hands have returned—dropping casually in during the preceding dialogue—Jacques with bear at rear soon disappearing, Jacques grinning.]

Clo.—Do you see that great horrid bear? [excitedly.]

K. [enthusiastically].—Oh! The dear, lovely thing!

W.— No one ever called upon me in vain,
I shrink from neither fear nor pain;
But I never elevate my horn, sir,
For telling my brave deed's my scorn, sir!
For you see—

CHO.— For you see—

W.— For behold, I am not proud, humility's my *forte!*
I calmly wait the plaudit of my well-known prowess;
Indeed, to play with fiercest dangers is my sport,
And I careless wear the laurel wreath with an unruffled brow!

[CHO. repeats this verse.]

W.— For the day of knightly deed's, not gone, sir!

CHO.— Shame to the craven that says him nay!

W.— Nor emprise fled from manly heart and arm, sir!

CHO. [pointing to W].—See! What better proof can you have, pray?

W.— I've put to flight full many foes,
Full many dangers I've defied;
And I've felt Ambition's strongest throes,
But never thrill of petty pride!

[Repeats as does Chorus "For behold, etc."

W. [recitative].—There's nothing so becomes a man as sweet humility!

CHO.— Rat-ta-tat-ta—

W. [looking about angrily as he sees he is laughed at].—Have I come here to be the sport of fools?

CHO.— Rat-ta-tat-ta—

W.— Is this the reward true valor gets?
These jeers from fools who are unfit
To loose the latchet of my shoes!
A brave man jeered! Ye gods!

CHO.— Oh! valiant man! Oh! wondrous deed!
Thy fame will live forever!
He came at lovely woman's need,
And did true knight's endeavor.

CLO.— I'm sure I felt quite pale, when the bear he did assail.

CLO. K. LU & W.—She's shure she felt quite pale, etc.

W.— While Clothilde turned very pale, my courage did not fail,

CLO. K. LU & W.—While Clothilde, etc.

K. No wonder you turned pale, when the bear he did assail,

CLO. K. LU & W.—No wonder, etc.
CHO.— By his awful tail!

[Exit all but LUCIUS.]

LU. [singing].—Ah! Sad is the heart where love dwells not,
Where life is barren, drear!
'Mid crowds, his home's a lonely spot!
Ah! Lend him Pity's tear!
His path is desolate and dull,
His labor brings to him no peace;
His song is of his sadness full,
Shut out from Love's sweet face!

Ah! Is there not in all this vain strife,
Some one to take this heart?
Some one to bless a barren life?
To brighten my sad lot?
Still must I wander, loveless, on?
Still must I, hopeless, turn to clay?
Still must I sing my lonely song?
And faint for love alway?

[K. enters, back, while he is singing, and listens sympathizingly.]

K. [aside].—The poor fellow! How he seems to feel it! I'm sure I'm awfully sorry for him.

LU. [aside].—By George! There's that pretty girl—old Gobbler's daughter! I must get acquainted with her! "Faint heart never won fair lady." Here goes. [Aloud.] Beg pardon, but I've lost something—I've lost—maybe you've found it. Have you?

K.—Indeed sir—

LU. [briskly].—Beg pardon you know—but I'm a newspaper man, you know, and—

K.—Oh! Tell me, are you a poet or a reporter?

LU. [loftily].—Well, to tell the truth, I do a little of both. Flatter myself I can turn out a little poetry quite equal to the best of them. I'm a newspaper man you know, and then—and then—I'm from Ohio!

K.—Oh! Isn't that nice!

LU.—I'm the local editor of the Arcadia *Argus*—maybe you've heard of it?

K. [doubtfully].—No—o—o—I don't—think—you see I live in New York, and—

LU.—Oh! yes, I see! Hasn't much of a circulation there. Yes, I toil with my brain—you know—a brain toiler! That song I just sung I wrote myself. It was published in the

Argus, ten cents a line, you know. Old Spivins, the editor, who "has no music in his soul," and is consequently "fit for treason, stratagems and spoils," said he wouldn't print it for less. But I paid it, and I'm confident my genius, like *all true* genius, will be recognized some day. [Aside.] Now I'll make love to her. [Aloud.] Lovely being—

K. [aside].—Oh my! I really believe he's going to—

Lu.—Fairest one! I can no longer restrain the feelings pent up within my my—what-dy'e-call-it?—I feel—

K.—Oh, sir! You are so—

Lu.—Yes, I know I am, but I was always so. I must ease my o'ercharged bosom of the "perilous stuff." [Aside.] That's Shakespeare, but I aint sure that it is in quite the right place; but I must impress her at all hazards—maybe she won't notice it—women are not usually up in that sort of thing, you know. [Aloud.] But you see—you see—

K.—Oh, sir! Go on sir! Don't you feel well?

Lu.—Then let me now, fairest one, most peerless of thy sex. [Aside.] Bad grammar, but that ought to fetch her. [Aloud.] In short, to see thee was to love thee!

K.—Oh! has it come at last?

Lu.—Indeed I don't know. Has *what* come at last?

K.—Oh do you know I've so long pined for "some one to love—"

Lu.—"Some one to caress?" Then take me! Here I am, "free born and of full age," twenty-one years old, a young man from Ohio; a member of the grand aristocracy of intellect, a brain toiler, "warranted not to cut in the eye, nor run down at the heel"—that is I don't mean—I mean—

K.—I see! You don't exactly find words—

Lu.—No I don't! But accept it, "heavenly maid," as one of Love's delicious incoherencies that means more than volumes, for "when first I saw thy sweet face"—

K.—Oh, isn't it nice?

Lu.—What? Your face? Well I should say—

K.—No, I mean to love and be loved!

Lu.—Then you *do*—oh repeat the fond word—you *do* love me?

K.—I do!

Lu. [dramatically].—Kind heaven, I thank thee! Now do I understand why I live! Now do I comprehend the great mystery of existence! Now do I see why it was that I was "sent into this breathing world," you know, "scarce half made up and that so lamely"—no I mean—I don't mean that—but—

K.—Oh George, go on—

LU.—But my name's not George, permit me [hands card]—

K. [reading]—Lucius Quintus Curtius Jones, Local Editor of the *Argus*, Arcadia, Ohio—

LU.—Two dollars per annum, strictly in advance—good cord-wood taken on subscription, and advertising terms quite reasonable—

K.—What a lovely name! So high-toned, so romantic, so—so—

LU.—Exactly *so!*

K.—But—you—were—saying—that at last you understood the great mystery—

LU.—It was to *love* THEE! sweetest one! to love *thee*, my own sweet—by the way, what *is* your name?

K.—Oh call me Katie! My name's Katie! *i-e* please, not K-a-t-y, and my name's not Katherine either—ugh! Isn't that a horrid ugly name?

LU.—Oh, Katie, my darling—

K.—That sounds *so* nice—say it again—

LU.—Then Katie my darling, are you sure you love me? How long have you loved me, precious one?

K.—Oh Lucius Quintus Curtius Jones, I have—

LU.—Ahem! Lucius will do, on account of space, and to save composition—

K.—Then I'll tell you. I have yearned for some one to love, for oh, ever so long—

LU.—Poor thing!

K.—Yes, every girl in school except me had a sweetheart, some of them two or three at once, and—

LU.—The mean things!

K.—Weren't they? And then I saw you—and the moment I laid eyes on you, dearest Lucius Quint—I mean Lucius—I experienced an undefinable a—a—

LU.—Exactly! I've had it myself—had it bad I may say—I know what you mean—go on!

K.—And then I knew that I loved you, and would always love you, for ever and ever and ever, and would never part from you, and would never love anybody else! But you'll always call me Katie, won't you?

LU.—Indeed I will.

K.—For paw you know says I was christened Katherine—when I wasn't, for I guess I know, for wasn't I there?

LU.—Must have been—but never fear—I'll *always* call thee Katie, for although "by any other name" you'd smell as—no I mean—I never will cease to love thee!

K.—When we calmly look back at it isn't it strange—

LU.—What strange?

K.—How we love each other so deeply, truly and fondly—and to think I was wanting a sweetheart so badly, and all at once I saw you, and then—Oh my, isn't it nice!

Lu.—Such ecstacy!

K. [singing].—Love is young, ah! Love is shy,
If you seek him he will fly;
If you try by arts to wile him,
Or by charms would e'en beguile him.
He will fly thee! he will fly thee!
Love cannot be blinded by thee!
When you seek him he will try thee!
Love will fly from thee!

Lu.— Love is young, ah! Love is bold,
He despises land and gold!
If you try with wealth to capture,
He will keep his true rapture!
He will fly thee! he will fly thee!
Love cannot be purchased by thee!
Ay! your gold can't buy his rapture!
Love will fly from thee!

Both.— Love is blind, Love has no heart,
Though you bid your tears to start,
Though you crawl in supplication,
Though you weep for admiration,
He will not see, nor feel, nor listen,
Though a thousand tear-drops glisten,
Though you writhe with moaning question—
Love will fly from thee!

Nor tears, nor sighs, nor adjuration,
Nor sleepless nights, nor lamentation;
Nor waning days on him intent,
Nor gold, nor riches, lavish spent,
Will bring Love's balm to soothe unrest,
Will give relief to tortured breast!

When you seek him, he'll not find thee!
When you fly him, he will bind thee!
When your heart but feels content,
And your days are calmly spent;
Love will come to bring thee sadness,
A moment's bliss, an age of sadness!

K.—Oh! there comes my cousin Lottie! [*dramatically.*] Fly, or we will be betrayed—or if you remain, you must dissemble!

LU.—And must I part from thee, my love done? Must I tear myself away? Must I—

K.—Oh, this agony!

LU.—Adieu! Good-night—only it is isn't good-night, you know! "A thousand times good-night!" "Good-night! Good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say good-night, till it be morrow"—Good-night "A thous"—[retires hastily, as Lottie enters.]

LOT.—Well Katherine! so you have a sweetheart at last!

K. [confusedly.]—Why–why–what do you mean?

LOT.—Oh I see it all. Haven't I eyes? You've been crazy for a year to have a sweetheart. You've lived on slate pencils and pickles, and Tennyson and the moon and all that—and at last you've got a sweetheart.

K.—Well Lottie, since you have divined my secret—

LOT.—Divined your fiddle-stick! Talk sensibly Kate!

K.—Well I might as well confess! Oh Lottie, its awfully nice! He loves me, and he's just too sweet, and I love him, and will forever and ever—

LOT.—Yes, I know! I see! Spare me the rest! She is his'n and he is her'n—

K.—Don't make fun of me, Lottie; but oh! what will paw say?

LOT.—He will put his foot down on your love affair in a jiffy. Don't you know he fairly despises that young gentleman—threatened to break his bones. You'll have a fine time.

K. [sobbing].—Oh, Lottie, what will I do? I'll *die* if paw don't let me love him, and I *know* he will drive him away. What will I do? The course of true love never did run smooth.

LOT.—What nonsense! Your true love won't last a week.

K.—How can you be so cruel? [Weeping violently.] It was so awfully nice, and now paw will spoil it all.

LOT.—But I wouldn't allow him to.

K.—Allow him to? Why, Lottie, how can I help it?

LOT.—*I* would help it if I was in your place. I'd like to see *my* father separate me from the man I love.

K.—But he is so awful when he's angry—and he'll send me back to school. What can I do? How can I get his consent to love my Lucius?

LOT.—I have an idea, Kate. I'll tell you how to do it. You know he is dead in love with that Madame LeBrun, that widow—

K.—My paw—with that horrid painted thing?

LOT.—Yes, indeed. You've been very blind if you haven't seen it. Why it's the talk of the whole house.

K.—But how will that help me?

LOT.—Why, if *you* make a fuss and worry him about *his* love affair, he will be glad to do something to placate you, and then you can make your consent conditional upon his.

K. Oh, Lottie, do you think—

LOT.—If he won't let you love your sweet-heart, don't let him love his. That will bring him to terms. But you'll have to have a scene, and you must be very firm and unyielding. It's a game two can play at.

K.—Oh, Lottie! [embracing her] what a dear good girl you are. I will try it. But suppose I fail? Suppose he don't love that horrid thing enough to be willing?

LOT.—Never fear about that! He's completely addled. When a man is in love he's a fool, and an old fool is the worst of all fools. [sings:]

Love is a young archer bold, to make or to mar,
He uses his arrows right cheerily!
To the young man he gives new weight, new *eclat*,
But the old man he addles drearily!
The young man dreams of a home some day
With a wife and sweet babies to care for;
But the old man moons in a senile way
Of joys he can not prepare for!
The young man in love acquires new wit
And he grows with the growth of his passion;
But the old one parts with his sense every bit
And carries himself in fool's fashion!

K.—Well, I'll try it, Lottie! I've been trying to get in love for so long, and now that I *am*, I won't give up without a struggle! And to think of that painted old woman!

LOT.—You will win if you are only firm, and here they all come, your father with them. Now is your chance. Strike while the iron's hot.

K.—Oh, Lottie! [Enter all. Kate timidly draws her father to one side.]

W.—Katherine, I am informed that you have been seen talking with that young man from Ohio—that impudent young Jones. Now I wish never to hear of this happening again, I—

K.—But paw—

W.—Not a word! He is an impertinent puppy, and if you allow him to speak to you again—

K.—But paw, I love him, and I wanted to—

W. [screaming].—*Love him—you—you—*

K.—Yes I love him, and I mean to love him just as much as I please—

W.—Listen to that, listen to that, listen to that! She braves me to my very face; a girl not out of short dresses talking of being in love—was there ever—let me hear no more of this. [Turns about and joins Clothilde.] Ah! madam, I see that you, too, are a lover of nature. What grandeur is this about us—

K. [calling imperiously].—Paw!

W.—Presently Katie! I'm busy just now. As I was saying, madam, to gaze upon this grand handiwork of nature, to come in contact with her sublime moods, fills me with—

K. [loudly and more emphatically].—Paw, come here!

K. [sings].—But paw, let me just say,
I'm sixteen years old to day,
I've toyed like a child with my play—

W.— You don't say!

K.— It answered me once, sir,
But I'm not a dunce, sir,
I can't be a school-girl alway!

W.— You don't say!

K.— 'Till now I ne'er felt love,
'Till now my life's been smooth,
But at love an apt scholar I'll prove!
I love, oh! so madly
I gave my heart gladly
And I will grieve sadly
If you'll ne'er consent!

Lu.— And, good sir, I swear to you,
Ay! by yonder heavens blue
That this seraphic angel whom you see here by my side
I love madly—do not start—
I love her with my whole heart!
Hear me! For I have sworn it deep—she shall be my bride!
Ay, sir! She'll be my bride,
This sweet one by my side!
I love her with a love that's purified!

K. [repeats].—"But paw, let me," etc.

Lu.— Good sir, let me just say,
She's sixteen years old to-day,
She's toyed like a child with her play—

W. [impatiently].—Get away!

Lu.— It answered her once, sir,
But she's not a dunce, sir,
She can't be a school-girl alway!

W.— Get away!

LU.— Till now she ne'er felt love,
Till now her life's been smooth,
But at love an apt scholar she proves—
She loves me so madly!
Her heart she gave gladly!
And she will grieve sadly!
If you'll ne'er consent!

[CHO. repeats from "She loves," etc., while W. turns away with a troubled expression.]

CLO. [recitative].—Ah! behold my king, my hero! Why look you sad, my precious! What grieves my darling, to-day? Will my love not help and cheer you?

CLO., K., W. and LU. [sing:]—
Oh! call me your darling, your love,
Oh! call me your turtle, your dove!
Oh! why are you distant and sad,
When sweet love should make you glad!
When first I beheld your handsome face,
And noted your strength and your grace,
I yielded my heart, I admired,
At once with love I fired!

LU. and K. [sing:]—
See how she weaves her spell 'round him!
With her smooth wiles she has bound him!
He's but a toy in her soft hands!
He stands and waits for her commands!

K.— Now, paw, consent!
LU.— Kind sir, relent!
W.— I won't be bent!
K.— Hear me, I pray!
LU.— Be good, I say!
W.— Oh! get away!
K.— Oh! let us love!
LU.— A good one prove!
W.— Why don't you move?
K.— Paw, I'll elope!
LU.— Yes, sir, we'll slope!
W.— Oh! for a rope!
K.— Shall I defy—
LU.— Or shall I die?
W.— Well, you might try!

[W. turns again to Clothilde.]

W.—At this moment I feel that influence, ennobling—

K.—Paw, who is that person?

W. [with great dignity].—Katie, my darling, you forget yourself. You must not use such a tone as that to me—

K.— No more words! You've heard me speak!
Thus my vengeance I will wreak!
'Twas you sweet love for me forbade—
Was ever maid so sad?

To Chorus.—To crush my love he's seeking
My vengeance I am wreaking!

To W.— The table's turned, misguided man—
Ah! With disgust I'm filled
For yon fair, false Clothilde,
For yon fair, false Clothilde!

Cho.— "How sharper than," etc.

Clo.— Oh! sad day that I was born—
Widowed was, bereft, forlorn!
Ah! I will sink beneath my shame,
Ay! sink beneath my shame!
What can poor, lone woman do?
For pity, here, thus I sue!
No manly arm to lean upon!
Monster, see what you've done!
I yield, oh! cruel maid
My shame be on your head!

Cho.— "How sharper," etc.

Lu.— More than ever now I love!
What a woman will she prove!
Her father's conqueror is she!
How much she must love me!
Such strong love I'll always prize!
It endears her in my eyes!
She is a trump and no mistake
She will not bend nor break!

To W.— Old man! A moral's here!
Rule by love! Not by fear!

Cho.— "How sharper than," etc.

[*End of the First Act. Curtain.*]

SECOND ACT.

SCENE.—*At the Seashore. Starlight. Exterior of a sea-side cottage or hotel, practicable windows, etc. Enter W. with guitar; goes carefully about to see that no one is near.*

W. [recitative].—Lovely creature! List, oh! list to the humble tribute of your admirer! The coast is clear. [sings:]

Oh! a heart well seasoned, Oh! Love! I bring!
No boyish fancy do I sing!
Affection mature, and a well tried heart,
I bring to thee from Cupid's mart!
To thee, the fairest of thy sex!
Of grace and beauty the reflex!

My love on her couch now reclines;
In her dreams—Ah! do I share?
May Cupid, the sweet god, incline
Her heart to my suit her ear to my prayer!
For I swear by the moon and the stars
That I love, Ah! I love, I love but thee!

[Enter Smith.]
S. [recitative].—All alone.
W.—Another comes.
S.—Oh! for a voice to reach her heart! [sings:]

My restless bark drives o'er the raging sea,
And the wild, wild wind thro' the rigging sings;
My restless bark comes home, dear love, to thee—
Ah! fav'ring gales! add swift speed to thy wings!

Sailing o'er the sea, my love,
My heart onspeeds to thee, love!
I laugh and mock the raging sea,
Whose billows haste me on to thee!

Ay! Tho' the wild waves lash! Ay! Tho' the winds shriek loud,
I joy! I joy to meet the terrors of the sea,
While demons wild sing among the shrouds,
My bark drives on to thee!

I come, swift, I come, o'er the ocean's foam
Where the love-light gleams in the sailor's home!

My heart, aye, onspeeds to my sweet love where
She watches, and breathes her soft anxious prayer—
A prayer that heaven must hear, love,
Aye, sealed with thy bright tear, love.
And it nerves my strong heart and cheers my troubled soul,
Though, leagues across, the fierce, wild, tossing billows roll,
For my heart is light, and sweet my toil,
As I come, love, to thee!
For a sailor's strong love becomes a sailor's life,
And in his cottage home waits sweetheart or dear wife,
The breathing gales soft speak to his list'ning heart,
Of the love that awaits
His coming at the gates.

Then I come, swiftly I come, o'er the ocean's foam,
Never again from thee, o'er the wide world to roam!
I come, yes, I come, o'er the bounding sea,
I come, sweet love, to thee!
To thee, I come, to thee!

[Enter Lu.]

Lu.—No one near?

S.—Another here?

W.—Young Jones, I fear!

Lu.— Oh! Katherine, if you have ears to hear etcetera-a-a!

[sings:]

When Love hangs his lamp in the evening sky,
And the glow-worm dimly shows his light—
When the stars come out soft-faced and shy,
To herald the coming night—

When the violets fold their petals close,
And the lilies hang their drowsy heads—
When the dew-drop gems the drooping rose,
And the daisies rest in their beds—

When the sea takes on an opal gleam,
And the lulling tide ripples soft and low—
When the fisherman's song as enchantment seems
By the breeze tossed to and fro—

'Tis then that I walk and dream, and dream,
Of the sweet life yet to be,
And my darling's face, like an angel's, comes
To brighten the world to me!

Three windows open; Clo. is confronted by Lu.; Kate by S.; and Lot. by W.

CLO.—Is it you, precious?

LU.—On the contrary, it is I, Jones! [runs off in search of K.]

S.—I—I beg pardon, I don't seem— [runs off in search of Lot.]

K. [laughing].—No, you don't!

LOT.—Mr. Wyvern! masquerading around "my ladies chamber," at your time of life!

W.—Thunder and Mars! I've been singing at the wrong window! Where— [hunts up Clo.]

LU. [at K.'s window].—Oh! bliss!

W. [at Clo.'s window].—Oh! joy!

S. [at Lot.'s window].—Oh! Ah-h-h!

SEXTETTE.—[All sing.]

The moonlight falls on castle walls,
The stars, pale-faced and dim, retire—
The nightingale his loved one calls,
The sighing wind breathes Love's soft fire.

SCENE *changes to ball-room.*

CHO. [dancing and singing:]—

The god of Pleasure reigns,
With mirth and joy in sweet concord leagued!
And Folly's crowned our Queen,
Her subjects, we, from all dull cares freed!
From cares free!
Folly's willing subjects we—
We spend the hour in jollity!

[During the waltz enter K., W., Clo., Lot., S. and Lu.]

[The Master of Ceremonies stops the dance:]

Ladies and gentlemen! I have the honor to announce to you the arrival in our midst of the great three-button mandarin, Yung-ti Wung-to, Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary, from His Imperial Highness, the Brother of the Sun, and Father of the Moon, and Guardian of the Stars, who reigns over the Celestial Kingdom, who never sleeps, whose days have no end and who sheds beneficent light upon an otherwise darkened world! Room for His Highness!

[Enter Yung-ti with his *suite*. They walk solemnly down to front.]

ENGLISH CHO.—

All hail! all hail! The eastern sun! From the Orient comes!

Welcome! welcome! To our shore,
Three-button man now has the floor!
The pig-tails wave in the evening breeze!
You may "go" or stay as you please!

Oolong, Oolang, Young Hyson, see!
Gunpowder strong, and weak green tea!
With opium-pipe and box of cash,
With cocoon silk, with diamonds flash!

Y. [singing].—From the Orient, old, come we!
CHI. CHO.— Chinee! Not the Irishman!
Y.— From the fabled golden sea!
CHI. CHO.— Diggee, cookee and washee!
Y.— Workee railroad, washee shirt
And live on plenty rice!
Bliss is found in plenty dirt
And banquet! Roasted mice!

CHI. CHO. [repeat last four lines].

[The embassy are then escorted about and introduced. K. comes forward and sings.]

She sat amid the red, red roses there,
The wanton wind toyed with her golden hair—
(The wind swept from the south,
And, loving, kissed her mouth,
And, loving, played amid her golden hair!)

His farewell said, the lover stood, apart,
And from his eyes looked forth his love-full heart—
Deep love-lit eyes of blue—
Love's chosen color true—
Should sorrow come to these? True love e'er part?

Lilies bowed their odorous heads,
Violets dreamed in their soft beds,
The rose hearts flaunted gaudy red,
The sleepy daisies waked and said:—

"Man's love? What can we do?
It lives and fades—
We live and wither too!"
A love-bird, moaning, flew!

The moon swung on her way,
Smiled at this loving play,
And whispered soft, "Alas!
Is this to pass?"

The maiden fair toyed with a jewel rare;
The fond youth kissed a lock of golden hair;
The pledges of their love,
Times cycling change to prove—
But loving thus no dream of change was there!

The southern breeze that bears the balm of flowers,
To moments crowds the breadth of Love's sweet hours!
Perfumes came up the vale—
Love's south can never fail
To odorous fill and thrill Love's golden bowers!

The circling moon crept 'neath a cloud—
Love's weakest oaths are oft too loud—
Was it the old story told
Lies for the truth, and dross for gold?

But soon the moon in bursting splendor bright
Filled all the vale with flood of silver light
Raised up young hearts, low cast—
Love's light drove out the past
And all the future showed with promise dight!

[S. and Clo. promenading, stop in centre of footlights.]

S.—And so, madame, you think I have a secret?

Clo.—Oh! You naughty man! Can I not see? Your American women are very dull? They cannot see. We French women, ah! we have eyes!

S.—And you are, then, a French woman?

Clo.—Yes! Dear, dear France!

S.—How you must love your native land! In what part were you born?

Clo. [uneasily].—In—in—Paris. But [recovering her bantering tone], you cannot conceal your secret from me, sir! You sly, sly man, you—

S.—What then, is, perhaps, this secret?

Clo.—You love—yes the beautiful Lottie!

S.—And have you no secret, Madame?

Clo. [uneasily].—I? Oh! no! [recovering again]—and yet, Yes! But I fancy the world knows my secret—my love for that noble, heroic man who saved my life! But what would you? Ought I not to love him who saved my life?

S.—But is that your only secret? [looking fixedly at her.]

Clo. [betraying great nervousness].—Why, sir, what can you mean?

S.—Come! If I acknowledge my secret, will you confess yours?

Clo. [attempting to be lively, but visibly distressed].—What can you mean? Have I not confessed?

S.—But, Madame, that is but a small part of your secret—

Clo. [hurriedly turning away and looking for W.]—I do not understand you—you embarrass me—you—you—

Enter W. and Lu. from the supper table, much worse for wine; Clo. goes to W., who smiles and chuckles tipsily, and tries to embrace her, in which Lu. endeavors to assist him; she breaks away from him and regards him with dismay, as Kate does Lu., who, in a maudlin way, attempts to address her. W. and Lu. come down to the foot-lights and sing:

W.— A champagne cocktail is the thing!
Lu.— Goes to your head in a twink-i-ling!
W.— Makes you feel like a real live king!
Lu.— 'Twould make a graven image sing!
W.— As the jolly wine goes to your brain!
Lu.— It makes you feel quite young again!
W.— That's the effect of good champagne!
Lu.— I have observed the same!
W. and Lu. [duett].—
Oh! Champagne!
Oh! Champagne!
It makes you feel quite young again!
But— The real pain!
The real pain!
Brings you back your age again! [Cho. repeats.]

Lu. [reeling up to Lottie].—Oh! my prophetic soul! Your uncle—

Lot.—Yes, my uncle! Oh! shame!
Clo.—Can I believe my eyes?
K.—They've gone off and got tipsy!
Clo.—My affianced husband to show himself in such—
K.—And my noble Lucius to disgrace me so!
K. and Clo. [duett—recitative].—
Oh! what shame on us has come!
Our sweet-hearts both are worse for rum!
Whither, whither, can we fly,
To escape the public eye?

[sing] Oh! that I should
My love bestow
On such a shameless thing as that!
'Twas ever thus
With woman fond,
Her love dreams turns to dross!
She gives her life,
Her soul's great trust,
And man laughs at her loss!
Oh! that I should
My love bestow,
On such a shameless thing as this!

CHORUS AND WALTZ.—"The god of pleasure," etc.

[During the waltz W. and Lu. go tipsily about, endeavoring to participate—finding, however, that no one cares to dance with them, they become offended and, seating themselves, look on with much solemn dignity. As the music dies away they drop to sleep and are left alone. The lights are turned down.]

Enter Yung-ti Wung-to. After looking cautiously about he calls huskily:

Y.—Bill!

B. [from without].—All right, pard! [Enter Bill, one of the Chinese suite, with a large bag in his hand.] I say here's a go! I've been through all the dressing rooms and bless me, if I found the value of a brass pin. No! not even a "wipe!"

Y.—Hard times, you know, Bill. These people ain't very "solid" anyhow, I reckon. I haven't seen a decent "spark" to-night!

B.—Not a one, on my soul! Lucky if we manage to keep the bag, "pard;" like the preacher who thanked his stingy congregation for getting his hat back, without even a button in it.

Y.—"Hard times," William! We must "raise" something.

B. [looking about].—There isn't a thing here that you could get a nickel on, unless we'd bag a chandelier—and that we couldn't get without turning the gas out.

Y.—We must look about. [W. snores.] S-s-s-st? What's that? [They prowl about and discover W. and Lu.]

B.—Well, here's something! He's sound asleep! Here goes for the old man's "ticker!" [Proceeds to take W.'s watch.]

Y.—Hold on, Bill. I've got an idea!

B.—If you'll let me alone, I'll have a watch, and mine Uncle will give more for my "ticker" than he will for your idea.

Y.—Not a bit of it! Steady's the word! Call the "gang!"

B.—What for? It'll be only that many more to divide with.

Y.—But I say I've got an idea—we'll put the old man in the bag!

B.—Bag the old man? What on earth?

Y.—Don't you see? He's rich. We'll make him pay! [aside.] Jove! I'll burn this candle at both ends! Make him come down handsome to secure his liberty first, and then

bleed him for having alineated the affections of me own Clothilde! It takes big money to heal a husband's lacerated heart! [aloud.] Do you "twig?"

B.—It's a big job.

Y.—We can do it. Call the "gang!"

[B. goes to the window and whistles softly. The rest of the embassy come slyly in at various doors and windows.]

B.—Attention! We've got a big "haul!" [sings:]

The old man dreams of his champagne "swig,"
We'll "take him in"—say, do you "twig?"

B.—We have missed all other kinds of "swag"
Let's put old "Gobbler's" "head in the bag!"

CHO.—A noble scheme! We'll raise the "swag"—
We'll "chuck" old "gobbler" in the bag!
A noble chance for honest men
We'll "bleed" the old man of his "tin!"

Y.—My noble friends, attention all!
By rarest chance we've made a "haul!"

B.—The old man's rich 's a parish priest
He'll "cut up, fat," to say the least,

CHO.—But poor Clothilde—she will go wild!
P'raps she'll "put up" for her "lost child!"
A noble scheme—we'll "make it win,"
He's too much cash—it is a sin!

Y.—The times are hard, the currency
Requires expansion, don't you see?

B.—All! Patriots should not hesitate
In a duty that they owe the State!

CHO.—The times are hard and honest men
Must make their money as they can!
We're patriots all, to hesitate—
We'd fail in duty to the State!

[They gather around W.]

Y.—Don't touch the boy; and if he wakes [hands a dagger significantly to one of the men], see that he don't squeal!

[The bag is slipped over W.'s head, while the following chorus is sung, and he is lifted to the shoulders of the men, who carry him slowly, stepping softly, to the door.]

CHO.— Then sing the song of the kidder bold,
The kidder blithe and free!
And when I have his story told,
You'll be obleeged to me.

BILL.—His trade was light and neat and clean, you may see'
His capital was small,
And when times were dull, as, frequent, times will be,
He made a water-haul!

CHO.— Then sing the song of the kidder bold,
Whose capital was small;
Alas! a deep grief would him enfold,
When he'd make a water-haul!

BILL.—A pew he run on Brooklyn side, A1 pew,
Quite piously inclined,
It served him well to push his trade as it may you,
If you've a thrifty mind!

CHO.— Then sing the song of the pious Kit
Who had an A1 pew;
Which served him well, so he stuck by it,
As pious people do.

BILL.—Now Kit he loved a maiden fair, fair to see,
Her name was 'Lizbeth Ann;
And most dearly she loved Kit, ay! that did she,
As often maidens can!

CHO.— Then sing the song of 'Lizbeth Ann,
Who loved the pious Kit;
For he was an enterprising man,
As may account for it.

BILL.—But his bright prospects all he sent straight to pot,
All on a most unfortunate day;
For Kit married his girl when his love was hot,
And then there was the dickens to pay!

CHO.— Then come, sing the song of this poor boy,
As you may rightly say;
Who lost his head and went in for joy,
Oh! most unlucky day!

BILL.—For instead of a kidder, blithe, free and bold,
Who loved a quiet way,
He was a henpecked man, for so I am told,
For so the neighbors say!

CHO.— Then mournfully sing the kidder bold,
Who gave himself away;
And grew quite thin and, likewise, quite bald
For love, as you may say!

[During the song W. begins to toss about uneasily, and, finally, sits bolt upright while they sing the last verse and chorus, gazing at them and his surroundings in utter astonishment, his wig awry, his clothing disordered and his eyes popping out of his head.]

B. [addressing W.].—Well, precious one, darlin' tootsey-wootsey, has it had a nice nap? Would it like to see its darling Clothilde?

W.—Where am I, sir? What does this mean?

BILL [assuming a confidential tone and air].—You see the fact is, "pard," you got a little "full" last night and had to be "assisted," as you may say. You, not to put too fine a point on it, were so disgracefully tight that we couldn't think of leaving you home—

W. [impatiently and imperiously].—How came I here, sir? What does this mean?

BILL [soothingly].—That's just what I was a comin' to, sir, when you interrupted me. Try to be calm and I'll make it all plain to you. As I was a sayin', you were in such a lamentably disgraceful condition of intoxication as would have broke your own Clothilde's heart to see you—

W.—How dare you speak so familiarly of—

BILL.—Go easy, "pard!" Don't get excited; you might say something that you didn't mean to say, you know. Least said soonest mended. As I was sayin', we brought you here to keep you till you got all sobered up comfortable and nice.

W.—*Will* you tell me—

BILL.—In course I will. Seein's we didn't want you to disgrace yourself, bein' friends of your'n—

W.—Friends of mine! I never saw you before in my life—

BILL.—Oh come now, yes you have. Think a little. Can't you remember me, for instance, or my friend, the Reverend Mr. Brown, as sets over there smokin' and smilin' and overlookin' your disgraceful conduct just as friendly like as—

B.—The fact is, governor, I reckon you don't remember much about last night's performances, do you?

W. [very much bewildered].—I remember nothing but the ball, and after supper I—don't—somehow—

B.—No, I thought you didn't. Fact is, you were in a very bad shape, so we played the good Samaritan on you, you see—for fear harm might come to you.

BILL.—Precisely. Just as the Rev. Mr. Brown says—why think of it. If it hadn't been for us old friends a-lookin' after you, you might have fallen into the hands of wicked, bad, designing men, who might have robbed you, you see.

W.—Where am I?

BILL.—A very proper question for you to ask, and it does me proud to assure you that you are in the hands of truly good men who run a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association.

B.—Yes, and likewise the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Idiots.

W.—Enough! If you have cared for me so kindly I will be glad to remunerate you and take my leave.

BILL.—Now that's what I call handsome. Didn't I tell you, brother Brown, says I, "Here's a man that will appreciate our thoughtful care and act accordin'—"

B.—All right; but where do you propose to go to?

W.—After my conduct of last night, which you very properly characterize as disgraceful, I think I'd better get right back to New York, and—

BILL.—And you'll be delighted to know that that's just where you are now!

W.—What, in New York? How—

BILL.—Precisely so! A gentleman always knows how to feel for another gentleman, and so—

B.—We saw how your feelings would worry you, and so we just brought you over on the early milk train, and here you are—

BILL.—"Right side up with care," "sound's a dollar," and all comfortable.

W. [rising to go and handing Brown a bank-note].—Very well my good fellow. This, I trust, will reimburse and remunerate you, and with many thanks for your kindness, I will go—

B. [looking at the money].—Ye-e-e-s! Don't you think, governor, that you are squandering too much money on the cause? Ten dollars is a good deal in these times to a poor man, and maybe you can't really afford to be so lavish.

W.—Oh! never mind that, sir! That's all right. I don't think it's too much, for you really seem to be a worthy set of fellows—

BILL.—Poor, but respectable and honest and deservin'. You've hit it about right, governor; but, as the Rev. Mr. Brown says, ten dollars seems to be quite princely—

W.—Don't say any more—and—ah!—good day, gentlemen. [goes to the door, where he is confronted by Bill.]

BILL.—But really, governor, we couldn't think o' lettin' you go and deprive us of your delightful society in that way.

W. [nervously].—What do you mean?

B.—And don't you think it's rather hard on us—to go and tear yourself away from loving friends and comrades, as a fellow might say.

W.—But really, my friend, I must go.

B.—And not even leave us a lock of your hair—

BILL—Or a check on the bank for a few thousand—

B.—To remember you by?

W.—It strikes me that this is nonsense. I have had enough of it. Be kind enough to let me go.

BILL.—Could't think of it just yet, governor. We're too fond of you.

B—Fact is, my distinguished friend, we couldn't think of parting with you for less than—well, say ten thousand dollars.

W.—Am I to understand that you will not release me unless I pay you money?

BILL.—You struck it that time, "pard." A fellow can easy see that you've been a business man all your life! Just to think how he get's right at the marrow of the thing quick as a flash!

W.—How dare you attempt such a thing as this! I'll not stand it! I'll alarm the neighborhood, call the police—

B.—*I* wouldn't do that if I was in your place. You see that there are several of us here, and we want money, and want it bad, and when we undertook this little speculation we counted the cost.

BILL.—Don't injure your health, governor, strainin' your lungs hollerin' for the "cops." I know'd a fellow to drop off very sudden onc't not long ago, just in that way—right in this room, too, come to think of it. Kind of a coincidence, wasn't it? *He* wanted to get out, away from his friends and admirers just as *you* do, and *he* hollered for the police, and—and—well, as I was sayin', he dropped off mighty suddenlike—

W.—Gracious heavens! You don't mean that the man was killed?

BILL.—Now, I didn't say anythink of the sort. I was careful to explain that he strained his lungs hollerin' for the "cops." I thought I'd tell you, just as a sort of a warnin' like, you know!

W. [frightened badly].—But I have no money with me—

B.—Never mind, we'll take your check, and you can stay here, you know, till one of your friends here runs around to the bank and gets the money.

BILL.—What a head for business my reverend friend has got—now hasn't he? Why, I could tell you of thousands of just such things that I have seen him do.

W.—Very well! I suppose as I'm at your mercy I may as well do as you say.

BILL.—Now, that is business! And then you can hie thee to thine own sweet Clothilde! Think of that! Think of the rapture of that meeting! Think of enfolding her onc't more in one long embrace! [While Bill is talking W. writes and signs a check, which is at once seized by one of the gang, who goes out to get it cashed.] While we're waiting couldn't you give us a good comic song, governor? That one you sung last night, for instance. Ah! you were in fine voice then, and sung it lovely; something about champagne.

W. [faintly.]—No; I can't sing! Oh! this dreadful place!

B.—Never mind, *we'll* give *you* a song to cheer you up. Come, boys! [sings:]

You may sing your song of your good champagne,
CHO.— Fizz, pop, bang! Fizz, pop, bang!
Roll it out lively and sound the refrain.
CHO.— Fizz, pop, bang! Fizz, pop, bang!
It's very good stuff, if you have the taste,
Money in bank on such tipple to waste,
But when you're flat broke, why, here's an idear,
There's nothing so good as a cool glass of beer!
CHO.— Fizz, pop, bang! Fizz, pop, bang!

Then gives me the wine the Dutchman brews clear,
CHO.— Fizz, pop, bang! Fizz, pop, bang!
Ay! pour me a can of good foaming beer!
CHO.— Fizz, pop, bang! Fizz, pop, bang!
It acts on your nerves, and makes you feel good,
It gives you good health and don't heat your blood!
It's not so "high up" nor "toney" as wine,
But, give me my choice, "I'll take beer in mine!"
CHO.— Fizz, pop, bang! Fizz, pop, bang!

[Messenger returns and hands money to B.]

BILL.—And now, my venerable friend, farewell! 'Tis hard to part with thee—but—I'll trouble you for your handkerchief. We are exclusive you see, and don't care to have the locality of these delightful apartments become known. Whenever you want to call on us, just drop a postal to brother Brown, and he'll arrange it. [Blindfolds him, and while he is doing so the scene changes to W.'s parlor; handsome bouquette on stand at side. Enter Lottie.]

LOT. [recitative].—Oh! what lovely flowers! They are from him, I'm very sure! Little does he think how I have grown to love him! Ah! flowers, mine! If you could tell him all I breathe to you! And does he send no message by you? [sings:]

Are these Love's messengers?
Say, whisper low and soft,
I bend my list'ning ear
Thy message, quick, repeat!
I dare not ask, I dare not wait—
My heart *will* question thee!
Thy hues, thy perfumes—is my fate
Foreshadowed sweet, by thee?
My hero, prince, king!
Say, is my love sought?
My heart so quick upsprings!
Be still, oh, torturing doubt!
Kind heaven, grant me peace!
I pour my passion out!
My longings will not cease!

[Enter S.]

S. [impetously].—Pardon my abruptness—I can forbear no longer—the verdict is—I read it in your eyes! Dare I believe it? [They embrace, after which S. recitative.]

Ah! dear love, am I dreaming?
Ah! is this joy but seeming?
My heart's with rapture teeming,
With bliss beyond compare!

LOT. [recitative].—

Ah! roses brought thy message
And violets gave sweet presage
That soon would come a-wooing
The master of my heart!

S. [sings:]—Oh! joy, most perfect bliss!
A heaven on earth is this!
Was ever paradise
So sweet as this?

[LOT. repeats.]

S. [sings:]—That I deserve her love,
Devotion long shall prove!
Kind heav'n inspire my ways,
My manhood move!

[LOT. repeats, after which they both sing:]—

Wounded with love's sweetest arrows,
We'll forget our faded sorrows,
Look for joyous, bright to-morrows,
Loved and loving through all life!

[As they sing the last few lines, enter OMNES, in full dress as for evening party.]

CHO.— From mountain and shore come we,
From hill-top and murmuring sea!
The summer's brightness gone,
Bold autumn's pleasures come!
Cupid, mischievous boy,
Has dealt out grief and joy,
His merry pranks has played
Giv'n wounds and pains allayed!
We come! We come!
At pleasure's shrine still bending
The hours! The hours!
In glittering joys still spending!

CLO. [looking pale and anxious, to S.].—Oh! sir! have you no trace of poor Mr. Wyvern? Have you no message for me? Little do you know how anxiously I wait!

S.—Have you no idea, Madame, where he is?

CLO.—How can you ask me? Oh! this agony—

S.—Is it all for him? Do you fear for him?

CLO.—Mr. Smith, I do not understand you? You act so strangely!

S.— Is it so? But be reassured, Madame. Mr. Wyvern is safe—and—indeed here he comes!

[Enter W., his attire re-arranged, but with a frightened look in his eyes. They all flock about him.]

W.—Bless my soul, such an adventure!

LU.—"Come to me arms, me long lost child." [Suiting action to the words, he is repulsed by W.] Aha! ungrateful, unloving one! Thou spurns't me, and turns't from thy chum, thy companion—for did we not erewhile chant a bacchanalian roundelay together? "Go to!" "Marry, come up!"

W.—You will oblige me by not coming near me again. If it hadn't been for you and your confounded bacchanalian roundelay, I wouldn't have got into this miserable affair.

ALL.—Tell us about it.

W.—I will, my friends! No man ever dared the dangers that I have passed and come out unscathed. And yet I am not proud. [recitative:]

Know then, I was seized by masked villians!

CHO.— And yet he is not proud!

W.—A mob! there must have been at least millions!

CHO.— Humility's his *forte*.

W.— They dragged me to their dreadful den,
They bound me hand and foot, and then,
They took the blind from off my eyes
And openly reviled me! ay! spat on me!
I struggled with my bonds and strove
To break them asunder; so that I
Might wreak my vengeance on the mangy scoundrels!
And yet I am not proud!
Humility's my *forte*, and as I have before observed,
A shrinking, modest tendency's my fault!

CHO.— "And yet he is not proud," etc.

W.— At last I freed myself! aha! aha!
I seized the caitiff leader of the dastard band—

CHO.— And yet he is not proud,
Aha! aha! aha!

W.— I seized him by the throat and forced him to his knees!
His coward mates leaped on me in swarms—
My blood was up! my soul had flown to arms—

CHO.— His blood was up, his soul had flown to arms,
And yet he is not proud!

W.— And yet I am not proud! I threw them off;
And summoning up all my mighty strength, I—

CHO.— Great heavens! what did you do?

W.— I shrink from saying! It is enough
That I am here! Pray heaven
I have not the blood of more than twenty men
Upon my head this day!

CHO.— A fearful tale! Was ever man so brave?

W.— And yet I am not proud!

CHO.— It quite surpasses wonder!

W.— Humility's my *forte!*
And a shrinking, modest—

LU. [speaking].—Oh! bah! [aside] Now mark how plain a tale anon shall put you down!

CLO.—But, oh, my hero, you are alive and well!

W.—I am, thanks to a cool head and a strong arm!

STRONGI-LUNGI.—Eet ees a wonderfully story, indeedy! Eet should be a what-you-call-poem, song—I would a-sing eet. [sings:]

The violet ees a leetle bird,
He hide him modestly;
He utter not a single word,
But keep him quietly!
He often meet the great sun-flower
Who flaunt him gaudily;
He far above the violet tower
But merit not have he!

So a brave man ees our great friend
He hide him modestly,
He say not loud a single word,
He ees humility!
He also meet the boasting man
Who blows hees horn you see,
And yet who, brave, not when he can,
What kind of man ees he?

[All applaud and W. bows profoundly to S.-L. and the company.]

CLO.—How proudly in my bosom swells my heart to hear him praised!
See! with the honors poured upon him he is fairly dazed!
The brave man's honors, enrich the donors!
'Tis noble to admire, admire the brave!

CHO.— And yet he is not proud, humility's his *forte!*

LU.—I think I'll have to prick this bubble soon,
Immortal shade of Washington! Hear this old spoon!

CHO.— Was ever liar so absurd as he?
As Prince, ay, King of liars let him crowned be!

S. [speaking].—I say, Jonesey, where were you when our modest friend was kidnapped?

LU.—About four feet from him I should say.

W.—About w-w-*where?*

LU.—About four feet from you!

W.—And didn't help me? Allowed me to be carried off without raising a finger?

LU.—In the midst of all that terrific hand-to-hand conflict with that mob of dastards I lay very quietly, being persuaded thereto by a dagger, which one of those heathen Chinee held at my throat!

ALL [in great astonishment].—Heathen Chinee?

LU.—Precisely! Our venerable, accurate and highly courageous friend was kidnapped by the Chinese Embassy to the tune of "Put old gobbler's head in the bag!" He made a desperate resistance!

[W. Clo. and S.-L. display great uneasiness.]

S. [stepping to the door].—And now I think our friend, Signor Strongi-Lungi, of Her Majesty's Italian Opera, can can give us the rest of the story. [S.-L. tries to reach the door].—Don't tear yourself away. You are so versatile and so entertaining that we couldn't think of sparing you just yet!

S.-L.—What-a-do-you-a-mean?

S.—Drop it, Brown. If you had Bill with you now, you could entertain us vastly with your dancing bear—"*mon* brav' bear." Then you might favor us with your "Diggee, washee and cookee"—that's a good song, and you really sing it well!

S.-L.—I-a will not-a be treated in-a this manner. What-a know-I of a dancing bear—"Diggee, washee and cookee."

S.—Possibly your wife there would help you refresh your memory. I know that Mrs. Brown, with that beautiful fidelity which characterizes the sex would not desert you in in your hour of distress. [Bows elaborately to Clo., who trembles.]

K.—What on earth does all this mean?

Lu.—It's plain as a pike-staff. Your respected parent has been duped by the wife and robbed by the husband!

W. [fiercely to Clo.].—Are you this man's wife?

B.—She 'ave ze 'onair to be ze wife of Jacques Pierre!

W.—And who are you?

B.—I seem to be Brown just now. These two young fellows have been too much for me, I must confess!

W.—Merciful heavens! what an egregious ass they have made of me!

Lu.—And yet you are not proud—

W.—Young man, beware! You may go a step too far! Don't rouse the sleeping lion in my—

Lu.—All right, old gentleman. As long as my own Katie [approaching her and trying to take her hand] still loves me, I can bear up under the "proud man's contumely."

K.—But—really—Mr.—Mr.—Jones—

Lu. [in great astonishment].—*Mr. Jones?*

K.—Yes! we've had our pleasant little flirtation, and now it might as well end. I start back to school to-morrow anyhow.

Lu.—But you loved me so! And you deliberately announced your purpose to love me forever, and ever and ever—for an indefinite period in point of fact!

K.—Yes, I know; but that was when paw said I shouldn't love you at all. Now that I am at entire liberty, I don't seem to care to do so. Singular isn't it, Lu—that is, I mean Mr. Jones.

Lu.—Yes, very! So, I'm mittened, sacked, sold out and all that! Well! shall I fly to poetry for relief? "Maid of Athens" [least ways of New York] "ere we part, give, oh! give me back my heart."

K. [sings:]—

And thus we end our holiday,
To some 'twas work, to some 'twas play!
Young Cupid's had a merry dance,
He always does where bright eyes glance!
To some he gave a heavy load—
On them he perpetrated fraud.
To some we know it was jolly,
A harmless bit of pure folly!

Cho.— The worst wounds won't be long healing,
Except the one that Hymen's sealing.
The knaves, of course, shan't go unhung,
Their sentence, though, may be unsung.
The fools who bit at naked hooks
Surely are high in Fortune's books.
The've had a chance at slight expense
To gain a modicum of sense!

Clo.— Perhaps the lesson won't be lost—
K.— On paw? Oh! no, think of the cost!
Both Clo. and K.—
The lesson, sure, was strong enough,
E'en for one so tough!
Clo.— He'll venture now less freely,
K.— His head will be less mealy!
Clo.— 'Tis an unwelcome lesson!
K.— 'Twill make a good impression!

Cho.— The god of Mischief has his day,
And good healthy fun he brought us!
He did no damage with his play.
And some good lessons he taught us!
We've had the sport, we've had the fun,
And we've all enjoyed the frolic,
It's helped the wise, yes, everyone,
And its cured the melancholic!

W.— And yet I am not proud, etc.
Lu.— I'll hie me home, a lesson learned,
I tampered with fire and had my wings burned!
When a game bird next I'm looking for,
I'll choose me one worth cooking, sir!

S.— I surely am the favored one!
LOT.— No happier girl beneath the sun!
BOTH S. and LOT.—
Young Cupid's surely won our praise
For his winning ways!
S.— He's taught us the old story!
LOT.— The ever new old story!
[CHO. repeats "The worst wounds," etc.]

[*End of the Opera. Curtain.*]

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